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VANITY FAIR

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OCT. 13,
1860.

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☞ Note to the Press at end of Poem.

The Prince's Ball.

By Edmund C. Stedman.

PART I.

THE PRINCELY PROGRESS.

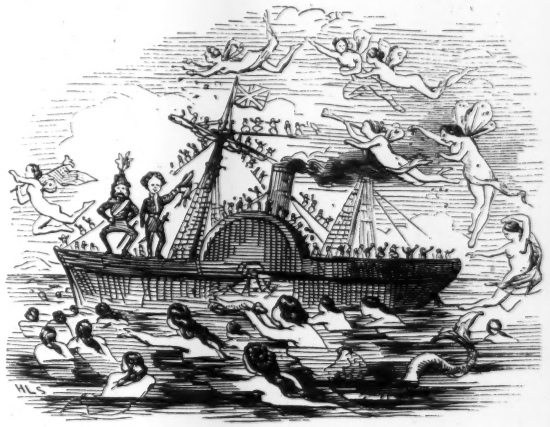
HAVEN'T you heard how
an English Prince,
prince, prince,
A genuine royal Scion—
How an English Prince,
not three months
since,
Came sailing, singing,
dancing along,
His true American friends
among?
To him I dedicate this
song,
By leave of the BRITISH
LION.

O, haven't you heard how
an English Duke,
duke, duke—
How an English Duke his
home forsook?
How, leaving his high
old castle,
NEWCASTLE came with the
other two,
PRINCE OF WALES and Lord
RENFREW?
Here are grandees three,
it seems to me!
Add them up, how many
there be:
And while you're trying the knot to undo,
I'll give you the rest of my parcel.

Maidens were saying, long before
He came in sight of a Yankee shore,
That all the princes of fairy rhyme,
Voyaging "once upon a time,"
Never compared with this island Prince;
His lips were sweeter than sugared quince;
His locks as brown
As Prince CHARMING'S own;
When he spoke, his tone
Was nice to be heard, as that of the bird,
To which Prince RUBY was cruelly turned
By the spell his magical rival learned;
He had just enough of the rickets in youth
To make him wise as Prince RICQUET, and, sooth,
No tuft to make him frightful;
Prince VALIANT himself was not braver;
And as to his face—I here give place
To my artist and engraver:
If they half do their duty by his beauty,
You'll own his face is delightful.

In the morn of a warm midsummer day,
The royal party made their way
Where the ships, not far from Portsmouth bar,
Lay trimmed and ready for starting;
VICTORIA'S cheek His Highness kissed,
Heartily shook the CONSORT'S fist,
Gave sister ALICE'S nose a twist,
And so got through with the parting.

Past Cape Clear and the Channel Fleet,
Waft, breezes, waft the sweet
Young Prince, and don't be froward—
As you are, they say
In the Biscay Bay;
For the jolly old Sun is shining his best
On the gold Jolly Dim of the Prince's crest
That flames at the HERO'S peak.
"Forward! forward! royally toward
The loyal welcomers in the West,
And the distant land we seek!"
But down, down, beneath the waves,
To the ocean-nymphs' and Undines' caves,
'Twas telegraphed that a mortal Prince
Was crossing the broad Atlantic waters:
So strange a thing had not happened, since
Prince FLOD sailed over the Northern Sea
And was carried off by the LURLEY'S daughters;
(You all have read the story. I trust;
If you haven't you must:
You'll find it in THORPE'S Epito-me;)
Then O, what a wonder the billows under!
For even great Neptune's Queen herself
Came up for a sight of the young GUELPH;*
One by one, the Nereid race,
Nymph and mermaid and water-fay,
To catch a glimpse of his handsome face,
Swam round the HERO every day;
Lifting themselves on their dolphin tails,
Parting their hair with fingers fair,
Peering over the vessel's rails,
Splashing, dashing, glances flashing—
Longing to capture the Prince of Wales!



From Water-Sprite's alluring Slyness,
Newcastle saves His Royal Highness.

But straight for the Nova Scotian shore
The squadron bore,
Till, after wet nights and iceberg frights,
And other usual marine delights,
It anchored in Halifax harbor.
Here thirty thousand Jonathan Slicks,
Packed together like so many bricks,
Gave ALBERT EDWARD no time to "fix,"
Nor the Duke to visit his barber;
Such loyalty never was known before;
Cheering, clamor, and cannon's roar;
And still the tumult increases,
Until, by way of crowning the fun,
And showing how such things should be done,
They blow a gunner to pieces.

* For this rhyme 'tis proper to make amends
To some H-disdaining English friends;
But who, without going to WALKER for—*help*,
Could rhyme it at all, if pronounced Gu-*elp*?

Now how can I crowd together the tales
You all have heard, of the Prince of Wales
On his grand Canadian journey,
Without counterfeiting the newspaper men
Or gaining the use of a "Howard's" pen
By a special Power of Attorney?
St. John's, Windsor, Quebec, and so on to
Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto—
Parliament Houses—Victoria Bridges—
Lakes and rivers and mountain-ridges—
Cheers, addresses, riots, and marches
Made, *nolens-volens*, through Orange arches—
All painted together and framed anew,
Form a very kaleidoscopic view.

My readers have heard, I take it for granted,
Of his going to church; how the choristers chanted,
And how, when they came to the *Gloria Patri*,
It sounded precisely like *Gloria Patri*;
How the Bishop went bowing him into the aisle,
Then preached him a sermon as long as a mile,
On the duty of kings to be humble,
While, placed in a lofty pew by himself,
On a throne of crimson, the bashful GUELPH
Hardly dared the responses to mumble.
You have heard how he knighted NARCISSE BELLEAU,
And frightened that worthy provincial so,
That he went on both knees for the accolade blow;
How, when the Prince washed, each loyalist bought a
Flacon of the costly soap-and-water;
And how a barber grew suddenly rich,
By selling each hair of the handful, which
He shingled down from the Prince's crown,
At the very low rate of a "quarter"

Ye Prince enjoyeth Merrilie
Ye Sweets of Reciprocitie.

And how, by a singular transformation,
While whirling across the Niagara road, he
Slipt out of his royal incarnation,
And into LORD RENFREW'S body.
It would give me very much pleasure to sing
How he speedily felt "every inch a king,"
As one of the sovereign people,
For the first time moving among his mates,
Made his lightning tour of the Northern States,
More quizzed than the clock on a steeple;
Drank lager and danced, wherever he chanced,
At St. Louis, Chicago, and various cities
Whose names are not suited for rhyming in ditties;
From his balcony bowed
Three times to each crowd—
Then escaped to the prairies, where game were so plenty,
That, in spite of the very astonishing rent, he
Displayed in his trousers, he shot more than twenty;
Then, in rosewood cars and a special train,
Whirled on to the White House, J. B., and Miss LANE,
Where many grave things were uttered and done,
With all sorts of etiquette-ical fun.
Then there's Richmond, and Baltimore, Pittsburg, Pork-opolis—
But what are the whole to our grander Metropolis?
I merely name them to skip them all,
And will leave ALBERT EDWARD proceeding bedward,
While I tell how the Gothamites got up the BALL.

PART II.

THE COUNCIL OF FOUR HUNDRED.

MEANWHILE, the Lords of the Empire City
Were grouped together, on Church and 'Change,
Saying—"O, what a pity! O what a pity—
For BOOLE and his crew to be given range
To bully, bluster and blunder!
To go in for another such Golden Fleece
As warmed the backs of the Japanese;
Or come with their Aldermanic quips,
Marvellous grammar and yellow kids;
To excite Lord RENFREW'S wonder."

For the honor and commerce of the city,
'Twas plain to see there must be a Committee!
So men of means and might were chosen,
Score by score and dozen by dozen,
In all, four hundred noble names,
With General SCOTT to lead them:
So great their fortunes and their fames,
That when the Aldermen came to read them,
They blessed their luminaries stellar,
And hid, abashed, in the City Hall cellar.

Thirty Presidents of banks
Were in the Committee's foremost ranks;
Half as many had banks of their own;
Nearly a score so rich had grown,
Each could start a daily paper alone;
To give the list variety,
Plenty of lawyers were scattered through,
With judges and editors not a few,
But these of the orthodox saffron hue,
The golden cream of society;
The Historical Rooms were represented,
And the Clubs had cause to be well-contented;
Lots of the rising ticket-shares
Were held by the "UNION" millionaires,
And the "ATHENÆUM" was counted in,
Though famous rather for numbers than tin:
The classic "CENTURY" furnished seven;
Then, to give the loaf a proper leaven
Of bibliopolical taste antique,
A note was sent, in Coptic and Greek,
Requesting the BRADFORD Club to assist
In ekeing out the Committee-list;
An answer came, in cuneiform signs;
When read by a paleologist,
It said: "The Bradford Club declines,
Engaged on business vital."
They were reproducing, "by special permission,"
The "Book of Genesis; 1st Edition,
B. C. 1491,"
With a steel fac-simile, fairly done,
Of MOSES' book-plate, in the title.

In fine, so stylish and wealthy a set
Were never gathered together yet—
Full of bankers, clubmen and scholars;
A *Herald* reporter, who knows how to count,
Added up their estates to the gross amount
Of TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS!

Birds of a feather, they came together,
To hold a primal caucus!
It don't appear in what mystic hall
They met, or whether in daylight at all;
Perhaps in the shades of Orcus.
Wherever it was, the question arose—
"How do members to honor the Prince propose?"
Some wanted a DINNER and midnight speeches
Along with the wine and brandy-peaches;
Others on having a BALL insisted,
Which proposition the first resisted,
Till quite a dignified contest was raging;
But while gentlemen fiercely the battle were waging,
One member, most potent and wealthy, began
To speak up for the Terpsichorean plan;
For he thought, if Lord RENFREW himself were to choose,
A Ball would exactly accord with his views:
That very accomplished and noble young man
Could ride, sing and shoot, and, if need be, cat,
In a manner that others found hard to beat;
But none of these arts
Made him Prince of Hearts,
So much as his talent for dancing;
Of all the Princes under the sun,
There surely never was such an one
For frolicking and romancing!
A dozen sets, at a frontier ball,
Hadn't begun to content him at all;
He'd dance in all sorts of weather;
His Arms should have been a fiddle and bow,
With a pair of castanets hung below,
And his plume, that charmed the young ladies so,
(With a sala-am to Prof. INGRAHAM,)
The original Dancing Feather;
It was even said that his great delight,
Established etiquette scorning,
Would not only be to dance all night,
But—once escaped from NEWCASTLE'S sight—
To go home with the girls in the morning!

Then from their sofas uprose ten
Very wealthy and righteous men,
With consciences sorely troubled:
"They'd dance if they must," but if they "could call
The thing a Reception, instead of a Ball,"
They'd "see their subscriptions doubled."
Four were Presbyterians blue;
High-Church Episcopalians two;
Low-Church Episcopalian one;
Broad-Church Unitarian, none;
Three were Baptists, open and close;
All pillars in firm position.
For two, the Ball was too much of a dose;
But the eight resolved, with one accord,
That, as David danced before the Lord,
They'd foot it once, for the royal nonce,
Despite the risk of perdition;
Yet, the better to wash the sin away,
Each secretly vowed to shortly pay
Very much more than ever before
To the Afghanistan mission.

Thereupon the Committee voted, all,
That My Lord should have an Academy Ball,
And the matter was settled without more ado;
Then, as knowing rumors began to creep through
The daily journals, of what was in view,
Very great men the Committee grew
In everyone's estimation.
Little by little the news transpired,
That the grand Academy had been hired
At a fabulous computation;
That after this, Aladdin himself
Might lay up his rusty old Lamp on the shelf,
For the splendors familiar to Genius or Elf,
Would pale by the side of those supplied
For Lord RENFREW'S delectation.

To think how the four hundred members were harassed
By thousands of friendly requests for a card!
Married and single alike were embarrased,
(Some say they enjoyed it, but that's a canard!)
Whether eating or talking, riding or walking
Almost while dressing themselves and undressing,
With pretty lips pouting and white arms caressing,
And sweet voices wishing a maidenly blessing,
Agreeing to dance with, kiss, love, even wed,
Those by whom the dear girls to the Ball should be led!

Fayre ladyes thronging, strive who can,
Cajole ye bolde Committee-man.

"How many tickets for ladies?" next
This question our members much perplexed;
But a plethoric sub-committee of three
Found tailoring easy as A. B. C.,
And took the Academy's measure;
("If they'd fit it out with a new suit of clo'es,
Scenes and curtains," M. STRAKOSCH "knows
It would give his patrons pleasure;")
Down on their knees they measured the floor,
Giving each lady five feet and no more,
For her crinoline-diameter,
As if women advance in the mazy dance,
In a kind of trochaic pentameter.

Those who havn't read, can easily guess
Of the rules prescribed for manners and dress,
And what female battles began to ensue,
Betwixt Fifth and Madison Avenue,
On the delicate question, as to who
Should dance first with the noble stranger;
How every young lady turned up her nose
At fair ones, who ventured her claim to oppose:
How bosom friends became mortal foes,
And jewelled fingers dealt tiny blows,
Much fuller of spite than danger!

But who finally won the coveted honor,
And how she bore her laurels upon her—
For this, for the glory and glitter, and all
That is said, thought or done, at the coming Ball,
You, who, fighting for tickets, were forced to the wall,
May consult the next number of VANITY FAIR.
Don't die, or turn hermits and nuns in despair;
Ourselves and our artists are sure to be there,
Many a thing to picture and tell
Of Prince and pageantry, beau and belle,
Fuss and feathers and splendor;
In short, of the Show, be it ill or well,
A special account to render.

To be concluded next week.

(The Publisher, in copyrighting this Poem, only wishes to prevent its *entire* republication elsewhere, either in Book or Newspaper form.]

THE FASHIONABLE COAT FOR THIS WINTER.

Boy—"SAY JIM—AIN'T THAT A WIDE AWAKE?

Advertiser—"IS IT LAUGHING AT ME YE ARE, YE BLACK-GUARDS? ME THAT'S DISTINGUISHIN' MESILF IN VANITY FAIR. SURE AND BARON RINFREW WEARS IT."

TO OUR FRIEND AROUND THE CORNER.

WORLD—give us your hand! You're an old Pharisee—that we all know—a sticker up for antiquated trash—that's certain—a payer of taxes on mint and Cummin, and such small matters and a swindler of the revenue of life in large and vital ones, that's generally conceded.

You're out of place here, *World*, in this great, jolly, large-hearted cosmopolite New-York, where everything goes al ad, and where folks have no time to stop and putter over little worrying trifles, wretched cases of conscience only fit for the twenty-fifth fraction of a Jesuit, dismal assertions that we're sinners when we arn't. We want new and true things—not galvanized old skeletons. The community isn't with you, *World*—you're behind the age.

Yet, *World*, we offer you our hand, for we see that even you are giving way, softening and being civilized by the grand and genial influences of the metropolis. You can't stand it, *World*—we're too many for you—own up now—ah, we see you smile—you confess! We'll have you down among the Sinners yet—won't we, *World*? You'll be among the Cake and Ale people; you'll be combed and gloved, and made fit company for ladies, and look like something else than a half-boiled divinity student, after a spree of root-beer and pea-nuts.

You made a great step towards humanity, *World*, and one very much out of keeping with the do-nothing-ism of your tribe when you went Down on the Eldridge St. Jail.

You have done much to make that Ass Spurgeon ridiculous by telling the truth of him.

You did an immense service for Truth and humanity, when you defended the Sabbatarian Pharisees with such absurd and humorous clumsiness, as to fairly defeat them. When you so funnily admitted that after all the only objection you had to Linden aueller's plays and the other acting Dutch dramas being perform ed on Sunday, was that they didn't get them up as well here as in Germany! You'll do, old fellow! By Jove—we really thought at first you were in earnest!

Finally, *World*—give us your hand for having said a sensible thing to those people who had the ineffably bad taste to desire that Lord RENFREW should, at the Ball, "for one evening only," lay aside his incog-nomen and assume his real title. Joking apart, old Puritan, you showed the right spirit there, the spirit of sound common sense, and true good-breeding. It was very snobbish, *World*, to desire such a thing, and in your subdued way, you said some very good things about it. And we fear that the fact will be noted years hence, as a Disgrace, that there were in this city, people who itched to have a *real* royal presence to bask in—the snobs! We're very sorry, *World*, that the press of New York hasn't noticed you more. But it didn't see as we do—thanks to our tremendous Instinct, you know—that owing to the inevitable power of Circumstance you'd gradually get round into the vortex, and be just like the rest of us. We saw it all—"we know'd it all"—the rest of us hadn't any Instinct and didn't understand the Power of Circumstance. You've got the right stuff in you, old Humbug—you only want a little civilizing and a little practice in *real* morality to be very well. Now that you've told the truth two or three times, keep right on at it—don't stop to think—let it right out—keep going—why, the first thing you know, your old friends the Sneaks, won't recognize you—you'll be so much improved.

Go in, *World*. If any body says anything to you, tell them *we* endorse you. That'll pass you among Decent people.

Heads and Tails.

It is recorded of a venerable and extremely deaf Scotch dame that being at a great distance from the pulpit where a reverend gentleman was preaching, she was moved to tears and other rushes and gushes of religious emotion. On being asked if she could hear anything, the dame replied: "Na, na—but I can just see a bit o' the holy wag o' his head."

"Now, if a religious lion can make people weep by wagging his head, it stands to reason," saith SPUYTENTUYFEL, "that a comic Leo should make them laugh by doing the same thing with his tail." Why don't he, then? VANITY FAIR has carefully analyzed the last tale of *The British Lion*, and has'nt found the first symptom of a Wag in it.

A Literary Reminiscence.

In a literary circle lately, Colonel SAMUEL COLT, the celebrated armorer, expressed his dissent from those who rank WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE as A. No. 1, saying that he considered Ancient Pistol just about the meanest thing in creation."

A well-known SHAKSPEARIAN commentator, who was present, but whose name we are not at liberty to mention, acknowledged the Colonel's compliment, speaking of it as "a kick from a Colt whose strength, like that of SAMSON, might be said to lie in his hair, seeing that there was no part of the civilized world where a lock of his wasn't to be found."

Appropriate.

VANITY FAIR suggests that in view of his beastly nature, the name of MUNDAY (THOMAS J.) should be changed, by act of Legislature to SATYR-DAY.

The Tribune "Trump Card."

HOR ACE.

Dirt Pie.

In reporting the seizure of the "alleged vile and obscene weekly paper known as the *City Life and Criminal Gazette*," the *Tribune* states:

"The forms for the other side were knocked into "pi," in removing them."

There can be no reasonable doubt that the confection thus referred to, was of the kind designated in the head line of this paragraph.

A Song that Professor Lowe can't Sing.

Excelsior.

DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

Among the Special Dispatches to *The World*, describing the reception of the Prince of Wales at Washington, we find the following:

"Not the least among the interesting features of the day's display was a company of Zouaves, composed of boys eight and ten years of age, who marched to the depot to receive his lordship, &c., &c."

Now, if these boys were really eighteen years of age, why couldn't the Telegrammatist say so at once? What was the use in being so infernally mathematical about it? But perhaps he wished to exhibit a very unusual delicacy on a point of etiquette: that is to say, the Prince being eighteen years old, how could a lot of common American boys have the insufferable impudence to be of the same age? Of course they could not be, so, with a facility of invention almost approaching to genius, he conceals the terrible presumption by pronouncing them to be "eight *and* ten."

Upon further consideration, however, he might have remembered how few men there are in The World who know how many it takes to make eighteen, and therefore carried out the old rhetoric maxim of adapting one's language to the capacity of those to whom it is addressed.

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

STUDENTS ATTENTION!

CAMBRIDGE — YALE — COLUMBIA — DARTMOUTH—PRINCETON—PHILADELPHIA—VIRGINIA—ALL OF YOU!

VIVOS VOCO.

VANITY FAIR observes with unmixed grief—in fact with grief "straight"—that that large and immensely to-be-influential class of our fellow citizens who are destined some day to form by far the better portion of our lawyers, physicians, and divines, are at present without an Organ which may send solemn notes into the cathedral of literature and———

There, that will do for the present. What VANITY meant was, that notwithstanding the genius, the brilliancy, the weight, the gayety, the sparkilling talents and all that you know, of the Students in the Colleges and Universities of America, there is positively no class so little known, so unappreciated by the Mass. Occasionally some faint report of a Soph rebellion, of a murdered tutor, of a conflagrated "South College," of a New Haven Commencement, flits through the papers, and all again is still. Nothing more.

VANITY is going to put a stop to this ignorance. VANITY is going to reveal the secrets of college life in America, in a grand series of marvellously moral essays of the most colossal character conceivable. VANITY'S own college life was varied and extensive, peculiarly fitting it for this sort of thing. VANITY, after graduating all over America and at the Chinese College in Singapore, took a few courses at the Tartar University of Samarcand, where it was turned out for participating in the great Horse Tail and Brick Tea Rebellion. After this it attended lectures on magic at the Schaman College of Kamschatka, and then found its way to the Kip Jac University in Avghaunistan. Here it killed its Prex in a duel and escaped to the Colleges of Delhi and Benares, where it turned, first Hindu and then Moosul-man. Its college being suppressed one fine morning by a ton of gunpowder and a slow match, VANITY found itself blown high in the air, whence it fell into a quadrangle of C. C. Oxford. It was immediately rusticated on the spot, though cheerfully offering to swallow the Thirty-nine Articles, and as many more as they might feel inclined to get up. From this point VANITY strayed to the Latin Quarter and Bobino's, and Salamanca, after which it graduated at the Universities of Bologna, Padua and Heidelberg, Gœttingen, Jena, Berlin, Halle Erlangen, Kræhwinkel, the Bokskeller, Wagner Brei, Auerbach's in Leipzig, and then by way of a flyer took out Doctor's degrees at all the Sclavonian and Persian High Schools. VANITY does not, of course, with this slender modicum of experience, pretend to know much about College life, it simply mentions these little facts, which have only the humble merit of being strictly true, to show people that "we have been there," and are not of the number of those who believe with Ignoramus,

"Sunt magni idiotæ isti Universitantes."

Having accomplished which, VANITY proceeds to give its first scrap, detailing of course the manner in which Foxes, *alias* Freshmen, are, in this country, prepared to fulfil the higher duties of life, and elevated to the standard of Men and Brothers.

ASSAULT ON A FRESH.

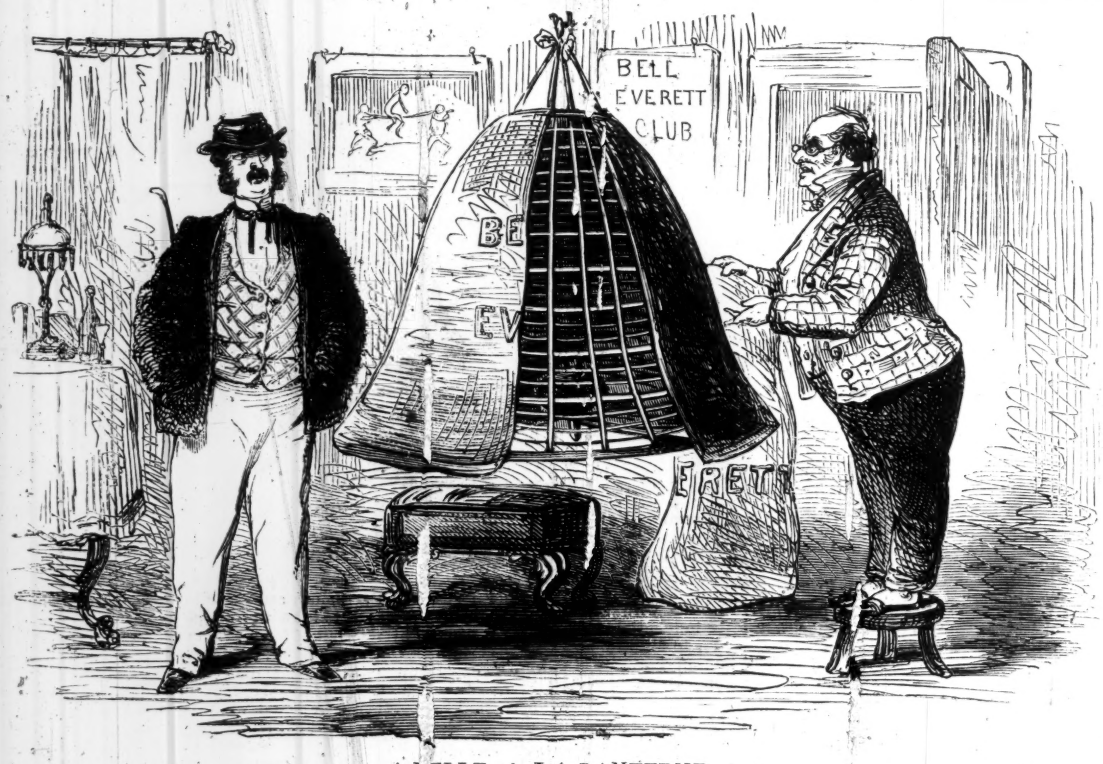
MOST EXCELLENT VANITY:—Dartmouth is largely excited. Some of the yearling Dartmouthites have been "putting a Freshman through."—The Fresh not relishing the process let the paternal know of it. The paternal—a judge—posted down from Concord to see what it was all about, and five of the assaulters were arrested and gave bonds to appear for trial in February. At this invasion of her rights, old Dartmouth arose. Ditto her wrath. The sons of Dartmouth proposed to take the Judge at a mouth-ful. They hooted him on his way out of town. They didn't respect the purity of his ermine. On the contrary, they flung eggs at it.

"To put through" is in classic dialect a phrase of prodigious import. To be put through is to be fagged, snubbed, bullied, run over, shaken together, crowded down, used up, kept under, gummed, gobbled, hoaxed, bruised, shinned, stunned, scared, smoked, frozen, shaved, pilloried, paddled, ducked, catawampusly chawed up, and hazed generally. These are a few of the thousand natural shocks the Fresh is heir to. At the University of High Jinks in Jinksville, this sort of thing is done up gloriously brown. Full of terror are the days of the Freshman at High Jinks. Chock-full of dismal terror are his nights. He can't show himself within syringe-shot of the College windows without being literally aspersed with ink. When, in the privacy of his sanctum, he attempts to do up his woes in a home-sick letter, presto! a brickbat ker-smashes through the window, sending his ink and ideas every-which-way, or a squib pop-fizzes in at the key-hole, and rip-and-tears about in a most irrepressibly flagrant manner. When Night has drawn her motherly robe about him and lulled him to sweet sleep, he is suddenly roused by a bellowing as of a young tornado, the door is burst open, and he is pounced upon by a gang of wild-attired, irrepressible Sophs, who sternly demand information respecting the health of his mother. Essaying to reply, he is sternly ordered to "dry up," the command being enforced by a dash of cold water. This wakes him up, and he is given to understand that having been found guilty of the crime of being a Freshman, he is about to undergo tonsure and fumigation. Click! Rasp! One side of his head is speedily cleared off amid the concachinnation of his tormentors. Several flower-pot-bowled pipes, crammed with villainous tobacco, are kept in fumigation till the smoke is thick enough to be cut with a pen-knife. The Fresh is then "stood up" on his table and compelled to regale his guests with extemporaneous remarks, songs, or recitation of the Alphabet and such scraps of nursery wisdom as "Here we go up up up," and "Taffy was a Freshman," till he caves in and owns up to being sick.

'Tis queer, is't not, that anxious parents should make a fuss about such a harmless bit of pleasantry as this? 'Tis all for the Fresh's good, of course. Entirely. He needs it to find out that he aint Everybody, you know. But it is a pity that this knowledge should be imparted to him at the expense of his mowals, you know, and of those who teach it to him. Boys will be boys, and welcome, but they needn't be bwutes. Let Alma Mater spwead the ample cwinoline of her pwotection over the poor Fweshmen!

By our Nasty Contributor.

Why is a lady's belt like a scavenger? Because it goes around and gathers up the *waist*.



A BELLE, *A LA* LANTERNE.

Enthusiastic Belleveretter—"CAPITAL IDEA! WON'T THAT MAKE A STUNNING LANTERN FOR OUR PROCESSION?"

"YES," OR "NO?"

BOSTON, O[ct]. 6, 1860.

Editors Vanity Fair.—Are you aware that, in yo[ur] last issue, you've went and gone and done it? In your article o[n] the Prince's Ball here, you venture the opinion, (or allow one of yo[ur] correspondents to do so, which is worse,) that the "*Boston Cou[rier] is a humbug*," because it advises Boston ladies to say only "ye[s]" or "no" if they shall be so fortunate as to be addressed by H. R. H. the Prince of Walesrenfroo, while they may chance to be assisting him to trip his light fantastic toes, with spurs on? Do you understand—*comprenez-vous*, Monsieur V. F. the amount of audacity, not to say audaciousness, of such a remark, by YOU?

Now, then, we Bostonians can never permit any New York VANITY FAIR to usurp our native right to criticize or censure our *home* journals, with impunity, do you observe. No, *Sirs'!* The blood of Bunker-Hill and Lexington and Concord (and several other places of note, in this region) cries out aloud agin *this* innovation. Why, bless your confounded ignorance, isn't the *Boston Courier* read, every day, by as many as two hundred and twenty or thirty people, some of whom live in swell-front houses, and who know what "*court* etiquette" is—or ought to be? (Cornhill Court, I mean) and do you suppose for one moment that as LANT and HILLIARD—editors of the aforesaid *Courier*—havn't been "round," and don't know that the dear sweet creatures who will dance with the great BARRENPRINCERENFROO, here, (if *they* say so) couldn't be trusted to say anything else?

Besides—the editors of the *Courier* are among the "*Committee*," do you see, who are to decide whether applicants for the pleasure of seeing his Royal Highness the Baronaforesaid are sufficiently codfishy, and havn't those gentlemen the right to suggest silence to such ladies as, in their profound judgment, are unable to be present and to behold, or dance with the Princeabove mentioned? At all events, *you*, Mr. New York VANITY FAIR, have no right to put your oar into this business. Leastwise, we think so—and we challenge you to print this objection, as our candid opinion.

If the *Boston Courier* is a humbug, so be it—that is our affair, not yourn. Maybe it *is* so. I don't say it *isn't*. But YOU mustn't come down on it. *The Boston Courier* is a great paper, I'd have you know, and what the *Boston Courier* don't understand about what ladies in Boston ought to do, or oughtn't, with Baronrenfroo's, in Boston—ain't worth much to nobody, bet your life on it, Mr. VANITY FAIR!

You get no sympathy from us, for this unpremeditated attack upon the journal spoken of; and you may set it down as a sure thing that whoever dances at the Ball, in Boston, with the already-alluded-to-baron-renfroo-prince-of-Wales, will say "yes" or "no," and no more to him, as sure as you're alive!

Yours in disgust,

SHORMUT.

Interesting to Coroners.

A new light upon motive in self murder seems to shine in the following paragraph.

"The wife of the Austrian General Enyatten, who committed suicide upon the discovery of his gigantic frauds during the late Italian war, was lately sentenced to three years' hard labor, her extravagant habits having encouraged her husband in his acts of depredation. In consideration of her children, her sentence was commuted to three months' imprisonment, and the giddy Baroness is now serving out the punishment meted to her for her reckless conduct.

If New York Coroners were to go thus to the source, in their investigations, what pithy verdicts we should have when Paterfamilias takes the short cut! The statements of City reporters would become picturesque, and we should read as follows: "Verdict:—Died of asphyxia, caused by an attempt to swallow a milliner's bill, culpably administered to him by his wife." Or—"Verdict: Died of uxorial extravagance, developed in an accession of *mauve* tint, by which the eye was injuriously affected, and subsequently the brain. The Coroner ordered the widow to be taken into custody."

Let 'em have Glasses.

In the preparations for the Ball in honor of Baron RENFREW let it not be forgotten that it is absolutely necessary to "give sweets to the suite;" at least let them have their Desert.

SEWARD'S GRAND STARRING TOUR.

KING RICHARD III.—Up with my Wigwam! here will I lie to-night.

SOMETHING SERIOUS.

TO KEEPERS OF INSANE!—Some weeks ago there were brought to New York and abandoned to the care of a cabman, who was told to leave them at the Emigrant Depot, three lunatics. One of these was a woman, suffering from abscess of the brain. From this she died in great agony within a few hours.

Examination before a magistrate elicited the facts that the lunatics had been brought from Taunton, Mass., where they had been in an Insane Asylum, and whence they had been sent to our city. All of this was duly reported in the papers, and general disgust and horror were expressed at the wretches who would send dying lunatics to a strange city in such an infamous manner. To all of which Taunton kept quiet. True it is that some weeks later, when FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY commented in proper terms on this outrage, a Taunton paper elevated its bristles and cried "libellous," "malignant," and other hard words. But the fact remained on record that when the Coroner's Jury and the whole press of New York *at the time* had commented on the event, nothing had been heard of Taunton. It remained true to its name, and let them "taunt on."

VANITY FAIR recently had occasion—on the authority of the Boston *Recorder*—to sharply touch up the Managers of the Northampton Lunatic Asylum for suffering a woman to be imprisoned within its walls on a "trumped up charge." It now 'renews its assurances' to all gentlemen who mismanage and oppress suffering humanity in its most wretched forms, whether of real lunatics or of some persons falsely imprisoned, that it intends to ventilate this subject whenever opportunity occurs. With all the many truly excellent and humanely conducted asylums and prisons in this country, there are also others—as Miss Dix can witness—which are infamously mismanaged. Meanwhile we commend to all the scoundrels concerned in turning crazy people loose in our streets, the following, originally published in the N. Y. *Times*, and other papers:

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC CHARITIES AND CORRECTION,
NEW YORK, Aug. 4, 1860.

$50 REWARD.—WHEREAS, THERE IS REASON TO BELIEVE THAT individuals as well as "Counties," "Towns" and "Cities" out of the State of New York as well as in it, have in numerous instances been guilty of the inhumanity, crime and meanness, to thrust their lunatics, blind, and deaf and dumb, with other paupers, upon this County for support; the Commissioners of Charities and Correction hereby offer the above reward for such evidence as shall lead to the discovery of the parties engaged in or guilty of the nefarious practice referred to, so that a conviction may follow the charge, and the guilty brought to merited punishment.

By order of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction.

S. DRAPER,
ISAAC BELL, JR.,
MOSES H. GRINNELL.
JAMES B. NICHOLSON.

There—that will do for to-day! But let's catch any more of you at it! Just try it. That's all!

Have we a Tupper among us?

A morning paper whose reporters ever evince a joyous recklessness as to English composition, recently contained a paragraph which we consider rather unique in its way. If you want to see it, you know, here it is:

"The General Superintendent, upon numerous complaints, was led to issue the order for the arrest of all such people, *and the object in keeping the matter so quiet was to prevent any knowledge of it from getting abroad.*"

Was it, indeed? Now, that's a most extraordinary thing! We never should have imagined it all out of our own head. Couldn't the Tupper who indited that paragraph be prevailed upon to do so some more? We pine for the gentle truism.

The Rale Splitter.

VANITY FAIR.

PUGILISTIC PIETY.

With a degree of ignorance remarkable in so brilliant a mind, we have ever imagined that the Christian religion consisted in obeying the precepts of the Supreme Being, and living at peace with one's neighbors; but, like the notorious Mr. JOHN P. ROBINSON,

GEORGE B.
CHEEVER he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

And, accordingly, Mr. CHEEVER, GEORGE B., arranges it so as to have a nice little row going on all the time in the congregation with whose heavenly destinies he is entrusted. By this plan the Divine Commandments are overlooked quite, and Mr. CHEEVER'S end doubtless attained.

When these internecine struggles had reached that point of forwardness whence they could get along very nicely without him, Mr. CHEEVER went across the ocean to beg from Englishmen the money necessary to keep up his church militant here. This was some months ago. Since that time things have been livelier than ever in the Church of the Puritans. The congregation, we understand, is now divided into two parties, the Cheeverites and the Anti-Cheeverites. These amiable and pious persons come together in the sanctuary once or twice a month, if not oftener, appoint the Rev. Mr. WARREN their referee, then straightway roll up their metaphorical sleeves, and go in for a regular Congregational debate, through which, needless to say, the usual Congressional courtesies are liberally scattered. Not always is the sleeve metaphorical alone rolled up, for the wordy squabble often attains to the dignity of a free fight.

If that wicked old gentleman who keeps house down below could only have dropped in at the Church of the Puritans on Monday of week before last, his very soul would have rejoiced at the sight that there presented itself. From a printed report of the proceedings we learn that on that occasion

"both parties assembled at the debating room in full force. The Cheeverites, who appear to be the most muscular, took possession of the door, admitted no person but those having their names on the church list. In the course of the evening a young gentleman, and an applicant for church membership, anti-Cheeverite, accompanied by a lady, applied for admission, which was denied, not being a full member; he demurred, and attempted to force his way into the church, whereupon he was seized by a brace of Cheeverites and severely choked, and ultimately kicked into the street."

"To the puritans all things are pure" the poet says, and so we suppose this little affair is not looked upon in the light of what the world's people would call a case of assault and battery.

Further on we are told that

"The meeting was extremely boisterous; and it required great self-possession on the part of four metropolitan policemen, armed *cap a pie*, to keep the brethren within the bounds of public peace."

This concluding extract shows us how fortunate it is that no provision has been made in the statutes for people who make rowdies of themselves on religious ground, for had it not been for such legislative omission the Church of the Puritans would long ago have been indicted as a disorderly house, and its brawling members marched off to the police station.

A Very Common Councilman.

One Mr. QUINN of Philadelphia. Hear him upon the question raised in the Councils of that city as to an appropriation for the reception of the Prince of Wales:

"Who is the Prince of Wales? Are we to respect mere rank? God forbid that we should respect anything but merit."

This would make it very bad for Mr. QUINN.

"Now what has the Prince of Wales done to deserve our extraordinary respect? He is travelling around spending the money earned by the toil of the serfs of tyrannous England."

Och, the bloated Saxon!

"Respect a mere boy, because he happens to have rank! How can Republicans respect rank? For me, I hate princes from the bottom of my heart.

Do ye mind that, ye hoary dispots? me name's QUINN!

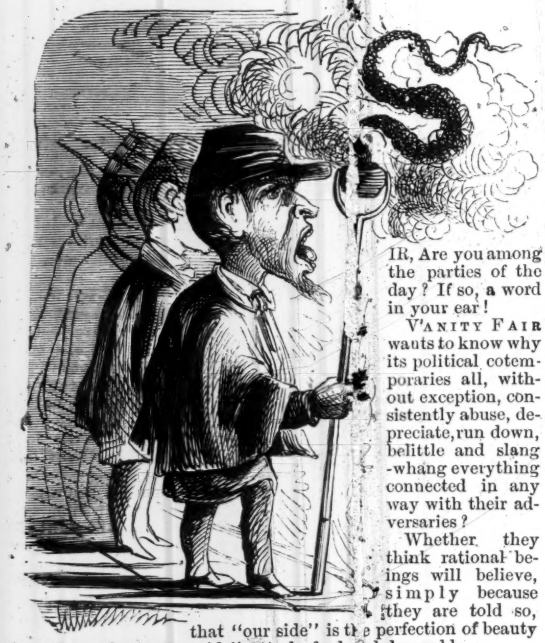
"Why should we respect the tyrants of the world and their offspring?"

True, indeed, why should we, when we cannot even respect so small a thing as a Common Councilman? Verily, Mr. QUINN, you are the QUINN-tessence of vulgarity.

Two-handed Joke.

Upon hearing that the Sculptor DEXTER, had recently executed thirty-two busts of governors and other officials, JENKS (the original J.) remarked that that artist must be ambi-Dexter.

ON THE GREAT WIDE AWAKE PROCESSION.



IR, Are you among the parties of the day? If so, a word in your ear!

VANITY FAIR wants to know why its political cotemporaries all, without exception, consistently abuse, depreciate, run down, belittle and slang-whang everything connected in any way with their adversaries?

Whether they think rational beings will believe, simply because they are told so, that "our side" is the perfection of beauty and purity, and "'tother side" utterly foul and damnable.

Whether they don't think it is very slavish, nobbish and lying, to pitch into everything *because* it's Demopublican or Reunicrat, Barnhunker or Burn-barner—and for no other reason?

Now for the application.

We don't remember what the *Daily Rail Splitter* said of the last Democratic procession, but presume that it was represented as a filthy string of ragged, rummy rowdies, all of them let out for the night from the Island and the Tombs, and led by murderers and shoulder-hitters. While on the other hand, that industrious little Democratic head splitter, the *N. Y. Daily News*, not to be behind hand in slangandering, goes to work jollily in this wise, to wipe out the effect of the great Wide Awakening and Torchlight Procession of October 3.

"After estimating the enemy as impartially and dispassionately as we can, we are impelled to arrive at the conclusion that their guns, their music, their fireworks, their shouts for their rail-splitting champion, their numerical strength, their torches, oil skin paraphernalia, target company school of discipline, fierce external show of disciplined power and noisy fervor of theatrical display, is so much sound and fury, signifying nothing."

"Composed mainly if not entirely of youths without a vote among them—mind!"

"Big and ugly enough."

"Political and social profligates."

"Rampant representatives of noodledom."

"If a political party cannot get along without making a parade of the questionable feminine accessories necessary to its proper working, the sooner it shuts up shop the better."

And so on. With a strong moral dig at the girls.

Now really—regarding all sides from an inconceivably elevated summit of stupendous equanimity, and guided by an Instinct which, as our readers know, is rapidly becoming Celebrated—we, VANITY, cannot say that the Big Thing of Wednesday, seemed to us so abject, base and bald—erdashy as all this comes to. VANITY, who has seen a good many gay things in his time, thought that the torches behaved very quietly, and that the young men blazed very finely, that the black glazed caps and capes would be a great comfort next winter to all who had to go out in the rain, and that the whole affair was really splendid, greatly resembling the *Senza Moccolo* of the last night of the Roman Carnival. In fact, the idea that the exhibition was "big and ugly," and composed of that portion of our fellow citizens, who, while too young to vote, are also political and social profligates, and at the same time "rampant representatives of noodledom," never once occurred to us.

Yet it is the last thing in our mind to cite this reproachfully. For of all the political pitchings in of the campaign, of any party, this of the *News* is decidedly the most moderate, just, generous and gentlemanly. It credits the *Tribune* with predicting correctly beforehand, how the whole would look, and says several rather handsome things—an occurrence we believe without precedent or parallel in the annals of political warfare. And it deserves credit for so doing.

There boys—you may go now. School's out. And remember—don't do so some more any much again. Observe—

"Hoc scio pro certo si cum tercore certo"

(That's *Latin* d'ye mind!) "Sling mud, and you'll be dirty whether you beat or are beaten."

THE REAL THING.

A Paris paper borrows from the *New York Examiner*, (a journal of whose existence we had been up to this time blissfully ignorant,) the following choice piece of intelligence, which for the past week two men and a boy have been busily engaged in translating for us:

"It is whispered about, though loud enough to give an air of authenticity to the rumor, that the Prince Charming with whom LOLA (MONTEZ) intends to light the hymeneal torch, is no other than the celebrated BLONDIN, who, surfeited with gold and glory, has determined to abandon the perilous theatre of his exploits for the tranquil pleasures of domestic life. The happy couple propose to come and settle down in Normandy, BLONDIN'S native place, as we have before mentioned."

This is pretty fair for the *New York Examiner*, but if our Gallic friends were in want of American news of really startling interest, they should have applied at once to us. We could have furnished them with items much more interesting than the above, and twice as reliable. We could have told them, for instance, among other things, that J. B., the Old Public Functionary, has resigned his office in favor of Gen. CASS, that he might be free to depart at once for his farm in Kansas, in company with his blushing bride, FANNY FERN. That Messrs. ABRAHAM LINCOLN and JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE had entered into partnership, and would shortly open a Fruit and Wine store in Broadway above Ninth-street. That the Prince of Wales was so fascinated upon seeing Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN for the first time in *Meg Merrilies*, that he immediately sent her an offer of his heart and hand through the Duke of Newcastle, and that their nuptials would be celebrated on Thanksgiving Day, in Grace Church, New York, BROWN officiating. That JAMES GORDON BENNETT—but stop! we think we have said enough already to make the Parisian editor wail at the selection he made, as to the source from which to derive authentic intelligence of matters in this country. We are merciful, and will say no more.

"PETER PIPER" KNOCKED INTO PI.

Glancing over the columns of an elegant cotemporary the other day, we lit upon rather a good thing. It was in a story about love "and such." The writer, one of the impressive school, wished to convey to his readers the idea of a lapse of time. And we are inclined to think he did it, for he said that

"Time's arid streamlet in its glassy gorge glode ceaseless."

What is "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" to this, we should like to know? Nothing! And "six, slim, slick, saplings," where are they? Nowhere! Perhaps the writer was not aware when he did this uncommonly fine thing, that he was producing the finest of all the tongual puzzles in the language. That great test of inebriation "National Intelligencer" will have to pale its ineffectual fires before, "Time's arid streamlet" in comparison with which even Mr. *Punch's* "Truly rural scenery" is a mere mockery. Let even him innocent of tod essay it, and this will be the triumphant result:

1*st* G. (*fast*)—Time's arid streamlet in its glassy gorge glode ceaseless."

2*nd* G. (*faster*)—"Trime's arid streamlet in its grassy glorge glode ceaseless."

3*rd* G. (*faster still*)—"Trime's arid streamless in its gassy glore gode streetless."

4*th* (*very velocious*)—"Time's airless streamless—golly—gouge—goge go—go—go—to the devil!"

Take our word for it, gentle reader, "Time's arid streamlet" is a "sticker."

Mosaic Con.

Why are all wise enterprises like Israelite cookery? Because they are judicious. (Jew-dishes.)

The First Specimen of Mosaic Stone.

The Tables of the Ten Commandments.

A Quincunx.

It is not likely that posterity will have occasion to ask: "Who was Mr. QUINN?" If it should happen, however, we, the immortal VANITY FAIR, will answer for all time, that he was the Common Councilman of a neighboring city, who chose the occasion of a visit from him who is to be the *next* King of our mother country to insult its *present* ruler with the inapt epithet of tyrant.

If this be Mr. QUINN's only road to immortality, we hope he may be welcome to the entire monopyly of it. Lest his name should be forgotten, however, we have mnemonized it above, by the addition of a syllable. A *quincunx*, according to HORACE, represented a very small quantity; namely, five twelfths of an as(s).

How they bother us.

Our PRIME writes to us: "People generally when they fail badly at anything, are described as *coming to grief*. But, in *Italy*, when a PIO or a BOMBA is beaten, he always *goes to Gaeta*."

Now hear what PYBUS DOOLADY thinks and how he pronounces:

PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.

When King BOMBA the Younger found that it would be bootless for him to remain any longer at Naples, he went to Gaeta.

N.B. This last word is often pronounced *gaiter*."

Is it? Well reader—you pays your money and may take your choice.

Can We?

Can we expect a church choir to be composed of Christians when we know they rely so much upon Chants?

"THIS CUT IS NO JOKE!"

SIDDONS AND THE "PRINC."

We are not sure that we shall not harrow up the finer feelings of Mr. J. H. SIDDONS, when we tell him that he is like the bi-valvular dish referred to in a placard at the door of a cheap restaurant in Broadway. The placard in question, bears these pregnant words:—"The Princ of Wales is coming but clam chowder is ready price 12 cts per plate."

As with the chowder here mentioned, so with SIDDONS. Although the Princ will not set foot in our city until that longed-for day, the 11th of October, SIDDONS is already on hand with a lecture about him and about his Mamma too. And the Rev. Doctor GORHAM D. ABBOTT, having failed in his great attempt to haul in, and belay the Princ at the Spinster Institute, or whatever, has taken to the peculiar consolation of this lecture. Last Wednesday he induced SIDDONS (at what price per plate remains a secret) to hold forth, at the Institute building, on the subject of the Princ and the Queen, for the especial benefit of himself and of the beautiful young beings committed to his charge. In the course of his "effort" just think what the sagacious S. told his fair hearers about the heir apparent!" "Only this and nothing shorter," as Mr. POE playfully remarked of his "Raven:"

He dances enormously, like most of the English youths of the day, *and is always guided by personal appearance in his choice of partners.*

The deuce he is! What a remarkable young man, to be sure! And how different from all the other young fellows who don't happen to be Princs, and who, it is well known, when there is any dancing to be done, delight in the dowager, and sigh for the sexagenarian female; who are only truly happy when hopping about with the homeliest, and who find their chiefest joy in gyrating with the giraffe of the ball-room. Decidedly, to be guided by personal appearances in the choice of one's partners is a way that Princs alone have. And how good it was of SIDDONS to tell us about it! Thank you, SIDDONS. Much obliged.

Boarding-house Anomaly.

Advertising rooms to be let—"gentlemen to furnish their own apartments."

A Mild and Etherial Sentence.

Last Thursday morning that delightful person, Mr. THOMAS J. MUNDAY was brought into court and arraigned before the Recorder. The Recorder, as on a previous occasion, already chronicled in the columns of this journal, dealt with him kindly. The Recorder stated that "the offence was an aggravated one," and "deserving of the greatest punishment that the court could inflict," but in consideration of the fact that "MUNDAY was drunk at the time of committing his bestial assault," and on consultation with the officers connected with the public administration of justice in this city, he (the Recorder) determined to sentence him to the penitentiary for the period of *four months!*

It will be seen that in this decision the Recorder gave THOMAS J. the benefit of the largest leniency. The drunkenness, for instance, was admitted as an extenuating circumstance. It may be urged by the unthinking that the boy ROGERS was drunk, and very drunk at that, when he murdered a peaceable mechanic in our streets some three years ago, but that the boy ROGERS was hanged, nevertheless. It must be remembered, however, that the boy ROGERS, unlike THOMAS J. MUNDAY, had never been "a member of Assembly," "a clerk in the Mayor's office," nor held "other minor offices under city government."

Do you see?

Too Much.

We print the following which comes to us from the provinces, to give the readers an idea of the risk that we run in opening our daily mails:

Q. What is the first recorded case of opthalmia?

A. That of the ichthyosauri (ich thyo sore eye.)

Con. by a Hellenist.

Why should Quakers be the most accurate in Greek Etymology? Because they always promptly decline the Dual.

Why are La Grange's notes so Clear?

Because she Strains her chest.

NOW FOR BILLIARDS.

BERGER has arrived!

"Now, we speak upon our cue."

Now, it behooves us to bring out our best player, and at the end of the game see if for BERGER, it is

L'heure du Berger;

or, a good time generally: or whether we have not sufficient PHELAN to conquer the King of Billiards, and make him cry: "The game is done, and CÆSAR is played out."

P. S. Have seen BERGER since—and back our oars. Talk of carooms! BERGER can pick *any*body up ever we saw and Carry'em right out without difficulty.

THE ROMANCE AND RELIGION OF BILLIARDS.

In a notice of M. BERGER, the celebrated French billiard player, who has just arrived in this city, the *Tribune* informs us that there are two schools of the noble game in question—the scientific and the romantic.

It also gives us to understand that M. BERGER, being a fat man, is not invariably successful in the "romantic" part of the business, although he is the apostle of that doctrine. This mode of stating the case suggests to us that work is going to be cut out for the poets and the parsons, and that the time is probably not far off when every billiard establishment will be provided with its Laureate and its Chaplain.

And if any dark doubt hovered upon the midnight of our mind, with regard to the sanctified teachings of this, the billiard branch of muscular Christianity, how could it have avoided sweeping down into the light, when a further perusal of the *Tribune* article revealed to us the theocratic fact that there is a "great TRIPLE of billiards at the corner of Broadway and Tenth street?"

But it would require the pen of a muscular PALEY to do justice to the "evidences" brought forward by M. BERGER himself—who, by-the-bye, in literal adherence to the spirit of his name, should be termed the Shepherd of the fold. This gentleman wound up the address delivered by him on his first appearance before a New York public, in words which we literally translate as follows:

"On Monday, if my powers are equal to the lively desire I have to please you, I will pray, with your favor, to the GOD OF BILLIARDS, to inspire me with the most fantastic combinations, and to provide me, for their execution, with the most magic and enchanted of cues."

Not being versed in the mythology of the game, we cannot positively state who the "God of Billiards" is, although our private conviction is that his name must be JUPITER G. AMMON.

A Douglas man to the Tribune Joker.

DOUGLAS'S mother will be DOUGLAS' smother to you bantlings after March 4th.

The Lay of the Rowdy.

Lay low.

"THE POLITICO-COMMERCIAL CRISIS."

On the occasion of the suspension of the Artisan's Bank, the other day it will be remembered that the seer of the *Herald*, with that aptness for logical deductions which has rendered him famous, said:

"This is but the commencement of a revulsion which we fear is about to be felt all over the country, if the conservative mass do not rise up in their might, and at the ballot box in November next, lay the foul spirit of sectional despotism which Mr. SEWARD is heralding throughout the country, and which Mr. LINCOLN is pledged to enthrone at Washington in the event of his election, like another LUCIFER in Pandemonium."

Homage to the Heraldic prophet! But a single day had passed away ere the prophecy approached the measure of its fulfilment. On Thursday last a letter was received at this office which proves conclusively that the "revulsion" feared by the *Herald* has already set in. We hasten to lay this epistle before our readers, and, with even more than ordinary *empressement*, since it so admirably confirms the statements of a talented cotemporary:

FORNINST THE POST OFFICE,
Ochtober the 4, 1860.

MISTHER EDDYTUR: i apale to you on beyalf of a unforchinit class which i am one. It's the ladies that dale in apels in this city i mane. them republicers and their Mister linkun has been the ruination of us all. before pepil begun to talk about mr. linkun our trade was a mity thrivin one I tell yes but now sorry's the day to me that I went into the business. Our sales Just amount to nothing at all at all. all the young Min who used to bye apels of us when they come to put leters in the ofice pass by now widout spendin iver a cint they say they kant aford it. They have all joined the wide Awakes an' mity wide awake some of 'em look I kin tell you. they put all their spendin munny into nasty oil lamps and capes that makes them look for all the world like wemin; so we are kept out of our laygal airnins. Mrs. MAGINNIS she's the one that has the stand next me failed yesterday poor crather she cudent stand it any longer and they say shele only pay one apel in the duzzin. i me self have only made one sale this week an thim was 2 for a cents, and bought by a brackenridge man as they call em. i shall be oblidged to suspind 2 If things continues, the paper what i read, thats the *herald* says that this polico something crisis as it calls it is all by rason of the shindy the Black republicers is kickin up thouout the Country. Wont you make the republicers stop, misther Eddytur, and by those manes presave the apel trade from ruin. if you do this may the blissins of heaven be upon you and yours.

BRIDGET MCPHAUDEEN.

HOPE FOR THE WORLD.

The *World* last week got itself into a state of mind as to the meaning of a clause in the will of one Mr. WILLIAM GARTH, of Bourbon County, Kentucky, who, it seems, left the bulk of his property to be applied to the education of such four, "worthy, and sprightly young men," of his County as the members of the County Court should approve.

The word "sprightly" in the above extract bothered the *World* to such a degree that it immediately took down the "Best" (of course we mean your admirable work, Mr. WALKER—how, Mr. WEBSTER, could this term apply to any other than your invaluable "Unabridged?") to ascertain its meaning. The result was that such unfamiliar words as "lively," "brisk," "animated," and "vigorous," fell, for the first time, under its eyes, and the *World* was so delighted with its discovery that it paraded them all in its columns the next morning.

In the searching for this definition, the dullness of the *World* which has hitherto passed all understanding, may, we think, be accounted for. If it didn't know what sprightliness meant, how could it be expected to possess the quality?

Now, however, that its ignorance on this point has been removed, we hope that its carriers will give up the very objectionable practice that, in the fitness of things, they have been constrained from the first to adopt, viz: that of serving the paper to city subscribers from a bier.

Latest from France.

We have just received an autograph letter from NAPOLEON III, Emperor of the French, requesting us to inform our readers that, although His Majesty's new frigate, *La Gloire*, is thoroughly encased in a panoply of steel plates, she is not on that account to be looked upon as a Mail Steamer.

His Majesty has acted with his usual sagacity in the preferring our columns to those of the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, for the promulgation of the above important information.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

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For the week ending Saturday, Sept. 29, 1860.

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CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. Second series, by Francis J. Buckland, M.A.; Student of Christ Church, Oxford; Assistant Surgeon Second Life Guards; Author of Curiosities of Natural History, 1st series, etc. 1 vol. 12mo., pp 441. Price $1.25.

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BOOKS IN PRESS.

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